

A tortoise-shell Cat had a Kit, they say.
Who said to her, on a very fine day,
See, there's a Mill on yonder hill—
We'll go, and of mice have our fill.
So away they toddled off with glee,
And with the Miller them you'll see.



When at the Mill they mew'd at the door:
Says the Miller, 'tis a noise I'm sure;
Then made a bow,—put milk in a pan,
Which to sup they both began,
So having drank while they were able,
Tab by the fire and Kit on the table,



Says Miller, old Cat, what's your name?

Tab, said she, and Kit's is the same:

So the Miller asked her in a trice,

If she thought she could catch mice.

When, as he spoke, one peeped from a hole,

And pussy lugged him out by the pole.



The Miller had a Son, they say,
Who would with Cat and Kitten play,
So when at marbles or at top.
The Kitten would around it hop—
Would mew and roll, to please this Son,
Who always laughed at what was done.



The mice and rats attacked the mill,

And Mrs. Tab was never still,

Till she attacked them, it is said,—

And rats and mice were quickly dead

Grist blessed the day that she was born,

To guard his Mill and save his corn.



Old Tab was soon alarmed by cries,

A man to steal her Kitten tries

This put her in a mighty flurry,

She took her Kit up in a hurry,

And with it on her back she ran.

To save her Kitten from the man

The man got beat, and looked wild;

But Pussy saved her darling child.



When all the cats old Tab had seen,

They were so pleased they chose her Queen:

And more to add to her renown,

They placed on her a golden crown:

Gave her a throne and book of laws-

Then knelt and kissed her little paws



Then in a carriage she was placed,
With gold and costly trappings graced,—
By peacocks drawn—the crowds behind
Cried, where her equal can we find?
She drives in style, she sits in state—
Queen Tab is truly good and great.
So cry, the Queen, with her we're smitten—
Huzza, the Queen! long live the Kitten!